

# Phil Carmen, Moonshine Still

There's an old still in the valley beside my daddy's grave -  
And a light burning slow  
burning slow.

It's the one thing that was left me  
as I came back from the war -  
And it's still burning slow  
burning slow.

No way could Billie ever need a moonshine man like me?  
Illegal moonshine still  
you bring me down.

I tried working for a living  
even tried to sing the blues -  
From my heart  
burning slow  
burning slow.

Turning music into money  
couldn't make her change her mind -  
And it's so burning slow  
burning slow.

No way could Billie ever need a moonshine man like me?  
No way could Billie ever need a moonshine man like me? . . .  
Still

you bring me down.

No way could Billie ever need a moonshine man like me? . . .

No way could Billie ever need a moonshine man like me? . . .

Still

you bring me down.